The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVIII *August* 6, 1943 NUMBER 16

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*

Published at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.—AS. 4-9685
Annual Subscription: U. S., $5.00; Canada and Foreign, $6.00

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It Can Be Done

IN HIS notable Detroit speech, Vice President Wallace took a line which we should like to apply in other fields. He pointed to the great mass of good work being done on the home front, with the implication that the failures stand out far too prominently because they are more sensational. He said, "If industrial management can bring the same wisdom in producing for peace that it has shown on many production fronts in the supply program for war, the horizons we face are bright. We have witnessed many evidences of industrial statesmanship, of cooperation with labor to increase production and cut costs. In hundreds of industries the war has demonstrated that management and labor can be friends in the service of the Nation."

There are many other examples of successful solutions of social problems—problems about which we are more likely to hear when an explosion takes place than when the boilers are doing their routine work quietly and successfully. This is particularly true in the matter of race relations. It is altogether fitting that when some egregious outburst or injustice cries loud for attention, Christians and citizens should protest. But all too often such protests elicit only a sad shake of the head and the remark that after all nothing can be done about it. It is the same unhappy fatalism as Kipling's "East Is East . . ."

The only effective argument against this attitude is to show the well intentioned doubter specimens of happy solution; unfortunately these are not likely to be dramatic, and hence newsworthy. We read of tension between whites and Negroes in Pittsburgh, in Buffalo, in the Far West, in places where there have already been disturbances. We do not read of housing projects where Negro and white families live together in the same buildings and communities, and live in peace and friendship. Unfortunately when such things happen under the direction of government agencies, there is a tendency not to publicize them for fear it may create a storm in Congress. There are such projects both in Queens and in Brooklyn, sections of the city of New York where race feeling runs high. In one case the community constituted by the project has a committee in charge of gardens cultivated by the tenants of which the chairman is a Negro and the other officers are white; the same situation exists in this project's sewing circle.

Similarly happy situations exist in several Army posts. One we know of does not segregate white and colored troops, either in enlisted personnel or in its officers' training unit. Baseball teams are made up of Negro and white players together, and the officer in command takes particular pride in what has been consciously done to have the races work in unison. Reports indicate no trouble emanating from either side.

There are at present serving in the Army a number of Japanese Americans. They have fine records which the War Department does not hesitate to publicize. Some of their greatest contributions are necessarily military secrets, but when the war is over, we are likely to realize that we owe these people a great debt of gratitude, and that will make some Americans a little ashamed.

None of this is very exciting; peace is not exciting either; and yet we are only justified in fighting a war in order to achieve peace. When next something flares up on the racial front, and someone tells you "it can't be done," remember that it has been done, that it is being done.

Speeding Food Production

SCATTERED items from the national food front indicate that we shall have considerably more than prices to concern us during the coming months. A serious milk shortage is seen to be on the way throughout the Eastern states spreading to the South and West. Butter has just been raised to ten ration points per pound the country over. Long Island duck farmers face the need of liquidating their extensive flocks (6,000,-

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000 ducklings are being raised in Suffolk County alone) for lack of feed. Meat shortages continue in New York and other cities. Victory gardens that dot the landscape the nation over, even in congested city blocks, are now in full production. Yet this, and the fact that the wage withholding tax is now in operation, has not perceptibly cut down food purchases in stores, where a ten per-cent gain over comparable periods last year continues to be registered. There is no apprehension about immediate slackening in demand.

Increasing shortages go back to other factors. And not only to the obvious ones of armed services and lend lease. In certain sections manpower is woefully inadequate; in others the prime obstacle is the lack of capital and equipment. In all cases what is needed is a better coordinated war production program. Considering all this and adding the increasing importance of food as a weapon for victory and liberation, the current suggestion of James G. Patton of the Farmers Union should have weight. He believes in war food production agreements similar to those which the government has made with our industrial plants, which have broken all production records. He calls for "credit, including advance and progress payments; assured prices; crop insurance; technical services; and priorities in machinery, feed, seed and fertilizer." We must take further steps to assure maximum food production.

N.B.

EXCERPTS from the Vatican broadcast to Germany, commenting on the Holy Father's letter to the Vicar General of Rome on the subject of the bombing of that city:

"1. The Holy Father explains in this letter how deeply he recommended to all belligerents, fighting on whatever side, from the beginning of the conflict, the safety of peaceful citizens and of religious and cultural monuments. This letter is by no means the first document of its kind. In the messages of the Holy Father since the outbreak of the war we find again and again admonitions to this effect, which are all for reasons of humanity, civilization and Christian love. We point particularly to the Easter message of Pius XII in 1941, at the time when air raids on England were in the forefront of the war. . . .

"4. In his letter the Holy Father says his words are not intended to incite to anger and hatred, but are meant only to represent insistent admonition to a noble understanding of the exalted conception of Rome. In this connection it must be emphasized that Rome is indeed something without equal. That singularity should be respected in the interests of humanity and civilization and of Christian love.

"This statement of the Holy Father is, like the others, not addressed to one of the belligerents but to both sides. It would have been possible to make Rome actually an open city. It must be regretted that at least up to the present month this has not been done.

"5. The Holy Father is also not unaware that other towns have suffered terribly nor is he unaware that churches have been destroyed in countries of both belligerent sides.

"The Holy Father is also aware that injuring of the mystical body of Christ weighs much heavier than the destruction of stone houses of God, and that disregard of the laws of humanity and morality, of justice and of personality, weighs heavier than a violation of cultural monuments. All this the Holy Father has amply judged and condemned in his messages.

"All this, however, does not make it unjustifiable once again to raise one's voice on this very occasion of the bombing of Rome, and to advocate with deep love the preservation of the most exalted attributes that distinguish human and Christian dignity, and to advocate this to both belligerent parties.

"6. The Holy Father is the father of all. He has in this war truly espoused the cause of the God-given human and Christian rights that are so seriously violated, of the freedom of religion and religious observances, of the foundations of a truly new order. Millions of Catholics look up to the representative of Christ, whose intentions are but truth and love, who embraces all with the same sympathy, whose words and whose heart do not end at Catholics, but call and call upon all Christians, even those who only somehow are striving for light in the midst of dark times, to new ideals and new efforts for a better future, for a world of peace and hope, of freedom and faith, for the welfare of humanity and to honor Him Who holds all in His hand: God, the infinitely merciful but also infinitely just."

NN.BB.

FROM an OWI press release:

"The Vatican Radio, in an English-language broadcast to the United Kingdom recorded by the United States Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service today, recalled that the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Antoine Frederic Ozanam, had advocated a democratic system for Europe.

"The Vatican broadcast cited an article in *Osservatore Romano,* official Vatican newspaper, which described Frederic Ozanam as a 'democrat' who 'followed the liberal Catholic school' and quoted him as having written in 1838:

"'All Europe is tending toward democracy. Democracy can live only on sacrifice and self-abnegation inspired by Christianity. The Vatican is the foundation head of that spirit. Christian and Catholic democracy, then, are what we want.'"

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Mussolini

IT IS easy to say that we will never have to write his name again, that we can forget him; it is easy to leave his obituary to the newspapers and they are publishing it now as if he were dead. It is easy now for Americans to forget him because they have never been humiliated by him. It is not easy for the Italian people to forget him—or for the Italian King to forget him or for anyone in Italy representing any moral authority of any sort to forget him, who accepted to tolerate him.

In Venice when there was no war the hotel room gave on an alley way. There was a shrine built into the wall at the entrance to the alley and a lamp before it lighted a small statue of the Virgin and lighted the alley so that you could see the black shirts, the toy daggers, the tall black boots of the three men who stood beneath the shrine slapping the face of a man who was sobbing. Sternly and solemnly the three men stood there slapping the face of the man until the man fell and then they kicked him and walked away. The man lay there sobbing in the alley way at the foot of the shrine. After a while he got up and there was no one in the alley, the night in Venice was quiet.

He took Italy into one war after another: he sent Italians to die in Ethiopia, in Spain, in Albania, in Greece, in Russia, in Yugoslavia, even into France, and the Italian soldiers never wanted to go and die in any of these countries. But it was not for the wars that they will find it hard to forget him. An ordinary government might have led them to accept these or other wars; an ordinary government might have persuaded them to accept unjustifiable wars, unjust wars, disastrous wars. It is the man of before the wars, of before the disaster that they will find it hard to forget.

He is gone now and it took the wars, the disaster of the wars to get rid of him. That this should be so is what they will find it hard to forget. They will find it very hard to forget that it took the disaster of the wars before he could be driven out. They will look at the roads, the bridges, the town halls, the school houses that were built before the wars and all these public works of the fascist régime will have the fascist emblem cut into the stones that mark the kilometers along the roads, cut into the cornerstones of the buildings. They will look at Aprilia in the Pontine Marshes and unless they destroy it altogether it will stand there, a town built entirely by the fascist régime on the land reclaimed by the fascist régime, and they will find it hard to forget that they accepted this town and the other towns, the roads, the public buildings, the stadium in Rome with his name on it, in payment, in due and sufficient payment, for the humiliation they suffered before there were wars.

In Rome, before there were the wars one day the carabinieri blocked off the street and beyond the line of the carabinieri you could see the blackshirts in the square beating up the Catholic students. So it was better to be a Catholic and a student but not a Catholic student, and best of all to be a Catholic, a student, member of the G.U.F. When the time comes—perhaps it has come now—when Italian Catholic students can speak again for freedom it will be hard for them to forget that they accepted slavery.

No matter how reluctantly, the Italian people entered the system; no matter how unhappily, they endured the system; no matter in what misery, they remained within the system until—not they—but the hazard of war broke it down. That is what they will find it hard to forget.

They are freed from the system by an accident: they will find it hard to forget that they did not free themselves. The man is gone who led the country to disaster, *because* he led it to disaster, not because and not when—before there was the war—he persuaded the Italian people to accept the humiliation of his leadership.

That is why it will be possible for people all over the world to forget this man who led Italy into war and disaster—that disaster being Italy's and not theirs. The people outside Italy will say only that an Italian attempt at imperialism failed. They will see only what happened to Italy in a war. Then they will forget about Italy and about the man who took Italy into the war. The Italian people also know now what fate has overtaken their nation but they—alike in this only to the German people—will look back to the years before the wars and number each year in which they could have acted to save themselves until the year, the day, the hour, when it became too late, and they had deprived themselves irremediably of the saving honor which would have been theirs had they reconquered freedom by their own will.

Those lost years, in silence, those years they lost accepting, cheering, sulking, desperate, divided, impotent and dominated, are the years they will not be able to forget. It is the legitimacy of the fascist régime, their consent given to the régime which they will not be able to forget.

No one—hardly anyone—spoke out. There was only this man endlessly talking and he was the government. But because he was the government that is also what will save them, for there are the mountains, the little towns, there is the heat and the dust, there is hunger, there are the children born and the family gathered together in the evening and the young man is planning to get married and the father reads a book to his child and no government, no matter if it be the government of a tyrant, can reach and kill these things, these people. These people with these things will build a new Italy.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Sicilian Lauds

The past of a checkered isle

By **Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt**

"SHE is the eternal Spring," sang Ovid. He was right. Like Persephone, her first heroine, Sicily time and time again has been bound to the tyrant's chariot, but just as the young goddess came back each year to help her mother renew the earth's broad fertility, so Sicily's soil down the centuries has been trampled in the world's greatest wars of conquest and liberation. "Land of immemorial participation in ancient and modern history" wrote the American, Thayer.

To Sicily, in the dim ages of history, ploughed those tough little Phenician ships which were the first to breast the grim Atlantic. Up from Africa swung the rapacious galleys of Carthage; but the Greeks had also found their way to the lovely land and Zeus was to bar the way to Moloch. "On the Ortygian shore" gushed the fountain of Arethusa, celebrating another nymph's escape from a brutal pursuer, and here rose the fabled five towns of Syracuse. Four thousand years before Christ, the pulse of freedom was already beating in Sicilian veins, and a revolt of the slaves of Syracuse sent their masters scurrying to Gela, where Gelon was a leader with such a reputation for justice that the humble men of Syracuse agreed to reopen the gates if Gelon could assure them of more equitable rule with himself as their king. Gelon justified their hopes. He was the legendary hero of Syracuse, and when the statues of all her other rulers were sold or destroyed, his alone was preserved.

Unfortunately for us, Herodotus did not preserve Gelon's golden prescription for good government which, while permitting privileges to the rich, secured his popularity with the poor. Nor do we know whether it was by force or persuasion that he moved half the inhabitants of his native Gela and other towns into Syracuse and dominated the area between Aetna and Acragas (Agrigentum), a larger demesne than any other Grecian city then ruled. When the Carthaginians, who had taken over the Phenician port of Panormo (Palermo), threatened all southern Italy under the leadership of Hamilcar, grandfather of Hannibal, Gelon's fleet of 200 triremes defeated the Carthaginians by sea and, advancing swiftly to the north, Gelon left Hamilcar dead on the field of Himera. For another two generations, Sicily was safe. Most ethereal monument to this period of peace are those temples crowning the acropolis of Agrigentum—once softened to Girgenti—which were raised by the slave labor of the Punic prisoners from the battle. And, by the way, Herodotus says that Himera and Salamis were fought on the same day.

Then came the Peloponnesian Wars. The invincible Athenian navy ruled the sea; yielding to temptation of conquest urged by Alcibiades, Athens voted to send an expeditionary force against Syracuse, whose people had originally come from Corinth and sympathized with the Dorian league. Syracuse appealed to Sparta, but, instead of a large auxiliary force, Sparta sent out Gylippus, an officer who proved as implacable and crafty as a Prussian Junker. Both fleets met in the great harbor of Syracuse. One day, after a sharp engagement, Gylippus ordered the butchers to bring down their choicest cuts to the beach for a sailors' barbecue; noting this, the famished Athenians also took time off for a real meal, but Gylippus's men had had a good start, and his armored prows had charged into the invading ships before Athenian stomachs were full or their galleys manned.

Gylippus now dared to bottle up the harbor. Nikias had provided his Athenians with grappling irons as a surprise, but Sicilian spies were sharp and Gylippus covered his ships with smooth hides. The Athenian morale sank with their ships. Against the advice of Nikias, they decided to retreat by land. That meant abandoning their wounded and sick friends, and it was with their cries and groans making more sinister the moon's eclipse that the Greeks started out on a retreat that meant surrender in three or four days. Both Grecian generals were basely executed, but the men who had deserted their comrades probably regretted this fate. Their own was worse. Thrust down into the far depths of the open marble quarry, they were kept there for seventy infernal days on a modicum of bread and water and no escape from the stench of encroaching death. Their allies were then released, but such Athenian citizens as still lived had to endure for two months more, and were then sold as slaves. The only glimmer of light in the gloomy tale is that liberty was gained by some who knew passages of Euri-

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pides by heart. Such was the Sicilians' admiration for the great poet's verse that ragged Greek fugitives through the countryside won food and shelter for the same poetic coin.

In the harbor of Syracuse, Athens had received her first crushing defeat. Syracuse was now at her crest. Under the Tyrant Dionysius, in the fourth century, was built the extraordinary fortress of Epipolae which in its subterranean galleries could house an army, man and beast. Dionysius enfranchised the serfs and divided the great estates among them, but, an egotistical autocrat albeit with a literary bent, he could not forgive the frank comments on tyranny made by Plato when he visited the court. Dionysius arranged to have the sage sold to the pirates on his return voyage, and the intelligentsia of Athens had to rush to the ransom of the great man. A poet who was sent to jail for criticizing the tyrant's verse was hauled out to listen to another ode, and then, hearing it, said, "Please take me back to my cell." Plato was revenged, however, when Dionysius sent a play for the competition during the Olympian Games and it was hissed off the stage. The elation occasioned when one of his dramas was actually produced at a feast to his namesake god proved his death warrant; for Dionysius indulged in such a drinking bout that he died.

Carthaginian raids were now increasing, but a fine man, Timoleon of Corinth, rallied the Greeks at the plea of Syracuse and set a boundary between the rival colonists at the Halykos River. Sicily then became the cause of the First Punic War. Some mercenaries from Syracuse who called themselves the Sons of Mars and had settled themselves in the ancient port of Messina called on Rome for aid. Heiron II, the best tyrant of Syracuse since Gelon, had the good sense to become an ally of the Romans; by the close of the war, all Sicily except Syracuse, belonged to Rome. At the end of the Second Punic War, the independence of Syracuse had gone. Not even the ingenuity of Archimedes could save her from the widespreading Roman Eagle; Latin civilization was secure.

Sicily's next great invasion came from North Africa in the ninth century, A.D. To the city which had housed two Semitic races, from Tyre and Carthage, now came the Saracens, who stopped at Pantellaria en route. In 878 Syracuse was destroyed. Little is left of her glories save the temple to Athena built by Gelon, now a cathedral church, and the theater where Aeschylus once listened to one of his own plays. But just before the curtains were drawn over her greatness, Theocritus in Syracuse had "flung his carols out to the Sicilian sea." What city has enjoyed more exquisite epitaphs?

Palermo became the Saracens' capital—a city of fairy delight, "Her ripe oranges like golden lamps in a green night"—till pilgrims carried to the north a rumor of a sunladen isle and from a farm in Normandy the sons of Tancred d'Hauteville sailed south. William Iron Arm became Count of Apulia, Robert took Calabria, and Roger, crossing over from Messina with eight hundred knights, challenged the Saracens' army in the Vale of Enna, where once the black arm of Dis had folded Persephone. Eight years later, the crescent waned. Roger was a real knight of romance: blue eyed, yellow haired, broad of shoulder and thin of waist, towering over ordinary men. He kept Palermo as his capital and took over the Saracens' efficient bureaus of administration and taxation, but gave to Sicily a constitutional government and feudalism. The glories of Christian art flowered in the mosaics of the Cathedral, the Cappella Palatina and Monreale.

In this idyllic kingdom Moor and Christian and Jew lived side by side; French, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek and Latin were common tongues. Roger II, grandson of the poor Norman farmer, was probably the richest ruler in Europe, with his sisters married to Kings and his daughter an Empress. His grandson was Frederick II, Emperor of Germany and Italy and King of Jerusalem, who loved Palermo best of all his cities. "How could God have chosen Palestine for His home if He had seen Sicily?" asked Frederick. Filled with Arabic scholars, Frederick's court was the most intellectually advanced, the most exotic and most unorthodox of Christendom. In Frederick's court the first Italian verse was written and Sicily had her Renaissance two hundred years before the rest of Europe. For Sicily, Frederick had drawn up the Constitutions of Melfi which substituted Roman law for feudal. Frederick had been the inspiration of the Ghibellines, and on his death the Guelfs determined to ruin his dynasty, which was vested in his infant son, Conradin, and his half brother, Manfred. Manfred was slain and when Conradin, at sixteen, dared to invade Italy, he was also executed—to the horror of Saint Louis.

Sicily was then offered by the Pope to the brother of Saint Louis, John of Anjou. The Sicilians, however, were faithful to the memory of Frederick and the Hohenstauffens and hated the Angevins. Twenty years later when a Sicilian lady on her way to Church was insulted by French soldiers, the incident became a signal for a general revolt of the fiery islanders and the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers ended French rule. As the nearest blood relation to Frederick was the daughter of Manfred, the Sicilians offered their crown to her husband, a Prince of Aragon. Roger II had coined the famous title of King of the Two Sicilies, and Sicily and Naples were under one ruler

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again for a time, with Alfonzo of Aragon, a cultured prince who took Livy with him on his campaigns and had Virgil read aloud at dinner. When Sicily was inherited by Isabella of Castille's husband, Ferdinand of Aragon, it was his fixed idea to recover Naples, which he did by using the French King Charles VIII, as a cat's paw, and for the next two centuries the Sicilies were part of Spain. Sicily, her beauty, her culture forgotten, was only so much taxable grist for the royal mill. By the eighteenth century, she had become the ball of the treaty tables. In 1713 at Utrecht, Spain gave Sicily to Savoy; at the Hague in 1720, Savoy handed her to Austria; in 1736, the War of the Polish Succession was responsible for Sicily's most abject fate, when she was bestowed upon the Spanish Bourbons reigning in Naples. One cannot blame the people for then banding together in the Mafia.

Ferdinand of Naples had married Caroline, the sister of Marie Antoinette, and she had every domineering, intolerant trait of the Hapsburgs. Ferdinand, equally selfish, had no further ambition than to safeguard his carnal comforts, which were not moderate. He gloried in his title of King of the Beggars and relied on this scum, some forty thousand strong, to back him up against his more decent subjects. When the French forced Republican ideals through the Austrian phalanx into Italy in 1799 and the Parthenopean Republic—for which Tosca died—was proclaimed for six months in Naples, Ferdinand and Caroline found refuge in Palermo with Lady Hamilton, the Queen's "dear Emma," in their train. Sad to say it was Lord Nelson who reseated Ferdinand on his messy throne, but in five more years Napoleon was crowned Emperor in Rome. "The Bourbon dynasty is ended," said the Emperor as he conferred the kingdom of Naples on Joseph Bonaparte. Once more Ferdinand and Caroline scurried to Palermo and snuggled down under the Union Jack. Murat succeeded Joseph as king, and in 1808 Murat, undecided as to whether he could best keep his throne by betraying Napoleon, the English, the Austrians or the Italian nationalists, was shot by the worst of the lot—the Bourbon.

Meanwhile Ferdinand had discovered that to get money out of the Sicilians, he had to go through the absurdity of applying to their Parliament, which constitutional right Sicily had enjoyed since the days of the Normans. In the hubbub raised by Ferdinand, a champion appeared in the person of the English commander of the garrison left by Nelson, and Lord William Bentinck helped the Sicilians draw up a document modeled on the British Constitution. Duly signed by the grumpy Ferdinand and endorsed by England, Sicily's liberties now seemed secure. But it was not to be. Napoleon's abdication and the Congress of Vienna threw Italy back into the hands of the Hapsburgs and Metternich, and Ferdinand, reensconced in Naples, made a secret treaty with Austria and betrayed Palermitan hospitality in the Act of Union of 1816 by which Sicily lost not only her constitution but her flag and her army and was merged in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies as an appanage of Naples. England made no protest. "Do you always let your daughters die at nurse?" asked an Italian diplomat of Lord Melville.

It is instructive to note that Napoleon had fully realized the importance of Sicily for control of the Mediterranean, but so had Lord Nelson. No sooner had his Emma, through her intimacy with the Queen, gained permission for the English fleet to enter Palermo than he saw that English garrisons were placed both there and in Messina. When Napoleon urged Joseph to take Sicily, the English from Messina struck first and defeated the French coming down through Calabria. Sicily had once more a front seat at the drama of history.

★

The yeast of freedom was now working in all Italian hearts. In 1820, when the news that another, more wily Bourbon, Ferdinand VII of Spain, had granted his people a constitution, the Neapolitans echoed the demand. Ferdinand of Naples was forced to accede to parliamentary government. On July 13, 1820, he swore at Mass to uphold it. On July 14, the Feast of Santa Rosalia their patroness, the citizens of Palermo heard the news, but, while they were deciding whether they preferred the Spanish or English Constitution, with a good many riots, Ferdinand called the Austrians into Naples and constitutions were washed away by the blood of the liberal party, who were tortured and shot down indiscriminately. The same sort of punishment was meted out to Syracuse when her people revolted after a plague of cholera. Delcarrotto, the infamous Chief of Police from Naples, was sent over for an orgy of brutality. Delcarrotto's favorite joke was to make the wives and daughters of his victims join him at his notorious feasts in Catania. By this time Ferdinand I of the Two Sicilies had been succeeded by his grandson Ferdinand II, better known as "Bomba." "A liberal Bourbon is as unthinkable as a stripeless tiger," said the older Liberals when young Ferdinand showed some decent promise. But, although he was so watchful of public morals as to put a skirt on the Venus of Praxiteles, he chose as his chief adviser the barbarous Delcarrotto, whose ten year old son was drawing a salary of ten thousand ducats. Corruption grew rank.

It was in Sicily in 1848 that the flame smouldering in Italy for popular rights was lit. From then

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on, its light was dimmed at times but never extinguished. On January 12 the Palermitans with the peasant Squadre (country militia) drove the royal garrison out of the city and voted for independence and the English Constitution of 1812. Milan, Venice, Tuscany, Piedmont flew to arms. For a year Sicily maintained her independence and looked about for a King. England, however, refused to guarantee the crown: Ferdinand's fleet shelled Messina and Ferdinand gained his nickname from the wanton destruction of the city. Augusta—founded by Frederick II—and Syracuse surrendered and the hated flag of the Bourbons was once more raised in Palermo. Meanwhile the Neapolitans had forced Ferdinand II, like his grandfather, to sign and swear to uphold a constitution. Secretly Ferdinand, like his grandfather, tried to betray his people to the Austrians, but the Papal Secretary of State refused passage to the Austrian troops through the Papal States and Ferdinand, then affecting patriotism, sent an army to help the nationalists in the north. He might have become the leader and possibly the King of a liberated Italy. But a quarrel between the King and the deputies to Parliament resulted in a street riot in which the royal Swiss mercenaries got the upper hand; for the next couple of years Ferdinand settled down to gloat over the punishment of the Liberal Party. Over 15,000 were sent to jail. Baron Poerio, a blameless ex-cabinet-minister, was chained with fifteen others in a cell thirteen feet long; the Duke of Morciano was condemned to thirty years in irons as a convict. Mr. Gladstone, who visited the prisons of Naples, "lifted the veil from scenes fitter for hell." His letters turned the stomach of Europe. 1849 was a black year for free Italy.

★

In 1852, a short man with spectacles, called Cavour, became Premier of Piedmont. Somehow he insinuated his little state into the Crimean War, made a treaty with Napoleon III, and like Ferdinand of Aragon persuaded the French to fight his battles. The Austrians were defeated at Magenta and Solferino and the Hapsburg grip on Italy was broken.

It was to be in Sicily that the decisive blow against the Bourbons would be struck. On May 11, 1860, Garibaldi and a thousand Red Shirts sailed into the harbor of Marsala. Here, where once Phenician mariners had taken refuge, the Carthaginians had defended themselves against Pyrrhus. The Arabs had rechristened Lybybaion and their name, Marsala, had been given by the English wine merchants who used the port as their headquarters for the rich and heady vintage they were making famous. It was to protect these merchants that the British commander at Palermo had sent two ships from his fleet. H.M.S. *Intrepid* and *Argus* were at anchor in the harbor when the Red Shirts began to disembark. They were there when three Neapolitan war ships hove into sight. These were also in command of an Englishman, in the Neapolitan service, who seemed to mistake the Red Shirts for British regulars and delayed action until the captain of the *Intrepid* rowed out to visit him. What occurred no one knows, but the Neapolitan fire was so desultory that only one man and one dog were hit. Garibaldi and his men were on the island, on which were stationed 23,000 royal troops. The odds were 23-1.

On the morning of May 15, Garibaldi with some of the peasant squadre stormed the hill of Caltafimi against such a formidable force that even his brave lieutenant suggested a retirement. "Here we make Italy or die!" was Garibaldi's reply. In the afternoon, when the battle seemed lost, Garibaldi was hit on the head with a stone. It gave him the hint that the enemy's ammunition was low. The Red Shirts took the hill; the countryside rallied to their banner and they marched on Palermo. The garrison was to the north and west of the city. Garibaldi broke through on the south into the oldest part of Palermo, with its twisted narrow streets. In the Fiera Vecchia, where the revolt of 1820 had begun, he set up his headquarters. The commander of the British Fleet objected to any shelling of the town, so the Neapolitans took to pillage. Just as Garibaldi's ammunition was getting low, the Neapolitans capitulated. From Palermo Garibaldi marched to Messina, crossed to Reggio and rescued Naples. His thousand had proved themselves the equal, against overwhelming odds, to Roger's eight hundred Norman knights. That same year, Victor Emanuel of Piedmont was crowned King of a united Italy.

Once again on the Catanian plain world forces are bringing Persephone back from captivity. "The oranges of Sicily are ripe for eating . . ." wrote Cavour. The Allies have echoed his words.

Great Wind

Like sea it pours but purer,
oh purer much, and clearer
than water which will take the stain
of the leafed pool where it has lain.

Like song it sounds but freer,
oh freer much, and truer
than music's repetitious note,
the sleepy lullaby of rote.

Like sea, like song, but stronger
oh stronger far and stranger
than they between their shores and staves,
great wind, who music is, and waves.

JESSAMYN WEST.

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Kolkhozes for America

Suggestions on post-war homesteading from a production enthusiast

By **Edward Skillin, Jr.**

ONE RECENT July evening I reached the Lackawanna terminal in Hoboken badly wilted. The office had been hot and I looked forward to a shower before dinner. Ahead of me up the stairs from the tubes ambled two tall sailors in whites. When we reached the main platform, bright shafts of late afternoon sunlight were filtering down between the car sheds. The station clock indicated plenty of time, but I didn't bother to join the throngs milling around the orange, pineapple and grape juice bars. Why make the effort? The cars would probably be oven-like too, but by now it didn't matter. Our clothes were soaked through.

At track 8, the 6:15 local stood waiting. A brakeman hung at the business end of the pointed, black iron gate in readiness, even though there were ten minutes before he would swing into action. The man just ahead of me asked jocularly which car was air-conditioned, and the brakeman slyly suggested trying the middle one. Up ahead some commuters shuffled along carrying coats and hats—and evening papers. One or two unashamedly sported bright colored suspenders. It was hot.

Near the middle of the train a redcap was unloading his little barrow piled with those massive, unwieldy valises which so many women insist on taking along these days. And several commuters appeared irritated at so unexpected an obstacle. Farther on, inside one of the cars, a man in a short-sleeved khaki shirt was struggling unsuccessfully to raise a window. There were plenty of open window seats left, however, when I reached one of the front cars. Most of the passengers who had already arrived were carelessly leafing through their limp evening papers. From two different vantage points a man in shirtsleeves beamed down from colorful car placards recommending a foaming glass of beer, while a grinning woman in cardboard boasted of the virtues of bubbling Alka-Seltzer.

When Bill Hudson tossed his coat into the rack above and plumped himself down in the unyielding rattan seat beside me, it was the first time we had run across each other in months. The last time we had argued about mass production as a defense against totalitarianism. This was no night for arguing, but not for reading either and a diversion was more than welcome.

"How are you standing it, fellow?" he began, fanning the air with his stiff straw hat.

"About the same as most people. But isn't it especially hard on a solid citizen like you?"

"As a matter of fact the summer peps me up. That's why my secretary says she always dreads it. She's a good sport about it, though. But say, I've got another idea for you. I've been reading a new book about Russia."

"Propaganda or straight stuff?"

"Sounds reasonable enough to me. The guy that wrote it has been there long enough. Of course you wouldn't give credit to anything developed by the communists."

"I don't trust people who hold to lying as a principle, and they have practically wiped out religion there. None the less I've always been interested in Russia. It's only fair to add that I am prejudiced against anything set up by the totalitarian state."

A warm breeze swept through the car as the train smoothly moved out of the station and shot out into the Jersey meadows. Bill continued, "What do you know about their collective farms?"

"Not too much. I understand that they starved millions of peasants in their efforts to collectivize them and finally had to give those that were left pigs and chickens and garden plots of their own to make it work. It was infernally clever the way the government owned and controlled all the tractors, so that everybody had to come across as ordered. They had to meet their quotas no matter how much personal hardship that entailed. The individual peasant was helpless."

Bill mopped his brow. "I guess the communists were pretty tough at first, but I'm talking about the system they've got now. You must remember that they knew this war was coming and the old Czarist system of production was woefully backward and inefficient. Have you any idea under what conditions the peasants lived under the Czars?"

"I know my Dostoievski."

"Their wretchedness was appalling, and three-quarters of those miserable serfs couldn't read or write."

"I know, but let's stick to the farm question."

"Good. You realize to begin with that without

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the lost Ukraine the Russians could never get along now unless the agricultural regions they have left were efficiently collectivized. Even with whatever good stuff we can send. I know you don't like it, but in this day and age you have to have mass production on the farm, too."

A hot wind blew in from the west, and I looked down at the rippling waves of tall green marsh grass and then, beyond it, the heavy black smudge from the power house chimneys. The wind played with the dark brown ringlets of the girl a few seats ahead. "Here we go again."

"But you can't dodge that question. Let me go on. The Soviets had collectivized 96 per cent of the farms before this war, and the new farms average 4,000 acres. And each one has its own little community buildings, its common recreational and health services. The kolkhoz is so well established that many of them are now serving as homes for refugees from the battle areas and for convalescent soldiers."

"Sounds like mining the soil to me. The government can supply fertilizers for a while, but even then it is only a matter of time before the soil will play out. Then you'll have erosion and dustbowls and our American West and South all over again."

"I admit I don't know too much about agriculture, but the war means that they've got to produce the food on big acreages. For all I know they plan to practice rotation of crops and all the rest when peace comes. The Soviets are great scientists, too."

"Indeed they are in certain sciences. But so far I can't see that their scheme is much different from American commercialized farming."

At this point the train stopped dead. "Bridge open again tonight, I guess," Bill ventured wearily. "But you seem to be forgetting those pigs and chickens and garden plots."

"The ones the Soviets found they had to throw in, you mean?"

"Yes, but they're such an important part of the scheme that the peasants—women, children and old men now, of course—spend from one-half to two-thirds of their time on their own homesteads. The rest of their labor they contribute to producing the government crop, wheat or cotton."

"I admit the division might be worse."

★

The train kept starting and stopping now; it finally began to crawl steadily toward the Harrison bridge. Bill's perspiring countenance looked more serious than usual. "Do you really think that modern Americans could be satisfied to live on small subsistence farms? It may be good for the soil, but where are they to get the cash needed for food lockers, radios, cars to take them to town and to see the neighbors—not to mention bathtubs, inside toilets, and many of the new things that rightly make modern life less drudgery?"

"Why, by raising certain specialties as cash crops."

"Sounds easy. But what can the individual farmer count on year in and year out to supply his needed cash? If he does produce something for sale, how can he get a good price for it? He may not have to buy any of his food at the store under your system, but there are so many other things he wants."

"Marketing co-ops would help and his county agent can advise him as to what will have a ready market—be it honey, Angora rabbits or nuts for the table."

"Why that would be just chicken feed and you know it. Cash means more than a few silver dollars to jingle in your overalls."

Arriving at Newark provided a welcome diversion at this juncture, for a gypsy couple started to walk the length of the car on their way out. The woman, who was slender and considerably shorter than her burly companion, trotted submissively behind him up the aisle. Her yellow dress had figures of large red flowers, her dark brown hair was parted in the middle with two long scrawny pigtails, tied with red ribbons, hanging down her back. Even some of the passengers looked up from behind their evening papers in mild surprise.

"Those people always seem to manage, Bill. But seriously I have long had doubts on that score, I admit. Some farmers make a nice thing out of a modest specialty, but I've never believed that the great bulk of family farmers could do it year after year. Do you think they should work a certain portion of their time for the state?"

"Well," said Bill, "I'm a business man. It's immaterial to me whom they produce for. The only thing I know is that they've got to produce. Probably good for them to provide their own food and feed and build up their soil, but they've got to contribute more than that, if they are to enjoy decent living standards. I don't care much where they dispose of their cash crop—to the government, to a corporation, or through their own marketing cooperatives. The point is that they must go in for production on a sizable scale, too."

"You may have something there, Bill. If they're sure of their own subsistence, it would be far better to pool their productive efforts than try alone to make a go of production for market. As long as they decide for themselves and don't have the state dictate what they shall grow, it might be O.K. Maybe we're not so far apart after all, though none of this 4,000-acre stuff. And when I think of the possibilities in developing community life. It's the lack of adequate social and recreational facilities that drives many of our most gifted farm boys and girls to the

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city. In most parts of the country life on the American farm is sadly deficient in social values."

"Yep, you and your decentralist friends can do a lot worse than study the Russians, or what they claim for the Russians," said Bill, as he reached for his coat.

The Case of the Young Irish Writer

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

IN THE introduction to "Major Barbara" Shaw paid a tribute to an Irish writer of the nineteenth century which Irish writers of the twentieth century might well study. The critics were saying that Shaw was influenced by this and that German, Norwegian or Russian—Ibsen, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Tolstoy, Strindberg. Shaw said, "Nonsense." The man who had had a formative influence on him was Charles Lever with his now little-read novel, "A Day's Ride, A Life's Romance." He had needed to go to no northern or eastern heresiarch for his irony and his realism. It was all there, in a Dublin novelist.

And it is. With a little ingenuity one could trace most of Shaw back to Lever. For Lever had the Irish realization of the perpetual human struggle between romance and reality—a painful experience which has been the sum of Irish life for over twenty years now.

This is what Shaw said about Algernon Sydney Potts, who is the hero of Lever's novel:

> The hero was a very romantic hero, trying to live bravely, chivalrously and powerfully, by dint of mere romance-fed imagination, without courage, without means, without knowledge, without skill, without anything real except his bodily appetites. Even in my childhood I found in this poor devil's unsuccessful encounters with the facts of life a poignant quality that romantic fiction lacked. The book, in spite of its first failure [he is referring to its original appearance in Dickens's *Household Words*, when Dickens had told Lever to "cut it short"] is not dead. I saw its title the other day in the catalogue of Tauchnitz.

That was written in 1905, and I suppose that by now the novel is either dead but not forgotten, or forgotten but not dead: but the kind of hero Lever put into it is far from dead. The romantic who forms an ideal image is always with us.

Ours is the Pygmalion myth. We formed a very idealized image of Kathleen Ni Houlihan thirty and more years ago. We fell in love with her ivory beauty. She came alive in 1922, and we begged her to go on being beautiful and graceful and sweet. She said, "Not bloody likely!" And we have never got over the shock. It is a common experience; and one of the most fruitful characters in fiction is the man who suffers this buffeting of cold reality upon the warm cheek of his starry-eyed imagination. He is Don Quixote all over again. He is Parolles, the boaster in "All's Well that Ends Well." He is poor, little, eager Simon Tappertit in "Barnaby Rudge," who dreamed himself a hero, got his leg crushed in the Gordon riots and married an unromantic widow. He is Sancho Panza, if you make fun of him: if you pity him he is that character out of the Arabian Nights who built up a castle-in-the-air of his future wealth and power, when he would have sold his basket of glass-ware—and who woke up in the middle of his dream with a kick that sent his basket flying over the hard reality of the pavement and smashed his goods to smithereens.

The main stuff of Irish letters has been romance. The perfervid Irish imagination goes that way—and has done for a thousand years. The late W. P. Ker wrote an excellent book called "Epic and Romance" which compared the Saxon sagas, like the Battle of Maldon, with the Irish romances. In the one, men fought for clear causes, by their right hands, in clear daylight, and with none other than mortal aid. In the Celtic saga there was magic, there were tutelary gods and goddesses, the whole thing spun up into the air like fire and rainbows.

The more cruel our history became, the more did our imaginations seek for recompense. There can be few countries with as many fanciful cognomens: the Little Dark Rose, the Poor Old Woman, Granuaile, Kathleeen Ni Houlihan, Banba, Eire, the Plain of Conn. It was all a vast idealization which could not conceivably outlast incarnation. The racial mind fed upon such loveliness comes, with a bitter recoil, on supplies, black markets, income tax, compulsory licensing of bulls, early closing hours for pubs, all the common paraphernalia of self-government.

So, for twenty years, Irish writers have been trying to readjust themselves. The first reaction was natural. The disillusioned romantic went cross—and wrote brutally, and pretended he was a realist. The Lord love 'em—you cut them open and you found a little, pattering, pink heart. Look at Sean O'Casey's autobiographies; he croons over his lost youth like Bing Crosby. O'Flaherty played tough for years, and then all the real stuff of passionate emotional love welled up in him and he wrote his best book, "Famine," the old, atavistic patriotism surging up like a mermaid to claim its own. Joyce carved and carved at his romantic youth until, like a Chinese craftsman, in the last box of all, "Finnegans Wake"—there was nothing. We got spates of tough-guy books about the troubles. They, too, had nothing in them—because that simply is not our nature.

What of that phase will last is what had enough sheer passion in it to burn up the writer—O'Casey's plays about the Dublin slums, for example; the proud, indignant, or tormented poems

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of Yeats; segments of O'Flaherty, such as "Skerret"; possibly Gogarty's "Sackville Street"; and those very few who managed to retain some objectivity. Here I put Elizabeth Bowen's delicate Irish novel, "The Last September," and the best stories of Frank O'Connor: and Miss Bowen being Anglo-Irish, and Big House, and so *au-dessus du combat* is not really typical or illustrative.

That phase is over. Irish literature may sit back, somewhat like a child among the wreckage of its toys, and gloweringly ask, "What now?" The young Irish writer is at last beginning to look about himself with some objectivity. Don Quixote has calmed down. The claustrophobic effect of neutrality has made the examination intense and searching. And the main result seems to be the discovery that the quality and variety of life in a small rural community is pleasant, but not exciting. It is like the calm and boredom of marriage after a tempestuous courtship. Wild romance is over. The cruder emotions are tamed, and interest in them grows less and less.

What offers now is that we should, in the old phrase, cultivate our garden, seek to perfect the art of living, work and live within our own compass in patience and modesty. The young Irishman has begun to realize, in short, that to live or to write "bravely, chivalrously and powerfully" mere bodily appetite, that is mere passion, will not do, nor a merely romance-fed imagination. He has begun to see that one must have all that Algernon Sydney Potts had not—means, knowledge and skill. He sees, above all, that to live like a man requires just as much, if not more, courage than to die like a hero.

On the mere plane of commerce, there is no native market for Irish letters, and it is doubtful if there ever will be, or can be. Our population is around four million. A London publisher, with the entire English-speaking world for his market, can outbid and give better value than any Irish publisher catering for a native population. There is no reason why an Irish publisher should not rival a London publisher in that same world-market, but it is doubtful if five per cent of his lists would be Irish authors.

There is the key to the future. The young Irish writer must speak to the wide world, no matter what his subject. Why not? John Steinbeck did it about a little lost hamlet in "Tortilla Flat." It was not the subject that counted: it was the excellence of the art. The mere subject appeal of Ireland is exhausted. Only excellence now will win a hearing. The young Irish writer knows it, and, as a result he is either dropping out of the game altogether, which is a sign of modesty and realism, or working away quietly like a true craftsman. I prophesy that, in future, Irish letters will be less exciting, more rare and much more highly finished.

The Screen

Winged Victory

WALT DISNEY'S new film, "*Victory Through Air Power,*" is really a 65-minute illustrated lecture. Or, to be more exact, it is the visualization through animated cartoons of two books: the "History of Aviation" and the volume by Major Alexander P. de Seversky which gives the film its title. The first traces the story of aviation from 1903, when the Wright Brothers made history with their first heavier-than-air flying machine at Kittyhawk (it flew for 12 seconds), up until 1939. This part also covers the followers of the Wright boys, the first military plane, the first flights over the English Channel, transcontinental flights, the use of the plane in World War I, when military men learned to consider aviation more than a novelty, the adoption of synchronization devices that made the airplane a formidable weapon of war, the use of the bomber, then, after the war, a series of record-breaking flights, altitude, speed, round the world, air mail, improvements, etc.

Disney manages to squeeze a few light touches into this first part of his film, but the latter half is very serious business indeed, and nary a note of humor creeps in. After de Seversky himself is introduced in real motion pictures, this famous flier-designer-strategist goes into his lecture. An air authority, of course, should review this film, but even an unmilitary mind like my own could grasp much of what de Seversky was getting at. With the help of the lucid Disney drawings, a child in arms ought to be able to follow the argument that the airplane is changing warfare and no spot on earth is immune from attack. In 1939 Europe was prepared to fight along the same lines as in the last war. France, thinking itself safe behind the Maginot Line, was lost when Germany's airpower became the spearhead of attack. Like the French army, the British navy underestimated airpower and failed to stop Germany from occupying Norway. But the RAF provided real opposition to the nazi planes at Dunkirk when the British land-based planes were within range of the French coast. Disney's well-drawn illustrations show how the nazis took Crete, the first territory to be conquered through the air. Later, during a short 80 minutes, our own fleet was put out of action at Pearl Harbor.

But de Seversky is not all pessimism. He is sincere about the film's title and shows how Germany can be attacked at its industrial heart. In the Pacific, the problem is much different. After discussing the various plans of attack, de Seversky concentrates on long-range airpower, for he believes that the highway to victory lies through Alaska. Of course he emphasizes certain points: our own air strength must be unified under one command, long range bombers must be built, we have to build faster than our enemies and we have to destroy faster than they build.

All this discussion is made lively though animated maps, diagrams and charts in vivid technicolor and through spoken facts and figures. I found some of it a little heavy going, particularly because there was so much at one sitting; however the film provides excellent background for

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today's headlines. Disney has visualized many of the points in his best imaginative style. Two illustrations stand out. To emphasize the great strides in aviation, we are shown the Wright Brothers' first flight for a second time: as it takes place on the wing of a present-day B-19. When the announcer speaks of America as the arsenal of production, an industrial map of the US pulses like the beating of a heart. "Victory Through Air Power," an excellent propaganda film designed to instruct the layman in a difficult subject, is appropriately dedicated to our airmen and General "Billy" Mitchell. Perhaps if we had paid more attention to Mitchell in the '20's, this film would not have had to be made. But having been made, and made so well, it provides another illustration of the value of cinema as an educational medium.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Plumed Serpents and Grasshoppers

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

DURING the dear, dread twenties a story went the rounds among those who found the spectacle of American tourists abroad mildly amusing. Its hero was a young priest who was assigned the task of showing visitors the treasures of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. Since he spoke both French and English, he made two separate little talks on each object. The talk in French would run something like this: "This beautiful chalice is of Romanesque design and probably originated in the Valley of the Loire during the eleventh century. We know little of its history, but it is one of the most splendid specimens of its type still in existence. . . ." There would follow a careful technical description of the vessel and a brief appreciation of its artistic merits. The English speech was much shorter, and ran approximately as follows: "This chalice is made of solid gold and precious gems worth $40,000. It took six workmen ten years of twelve-hour days to make it."

The joke may be rather crude, especially as it applies to medieval European work. But it becomes dead earnest if you apply it to the objects of art created by what we now find called "medieval" American cultures. In a monumental two-volume work,* a Hungarian art historian has at last presented the reading public with an all-over view of what was created by the higher Indian "civilizations" before the arrival of Columbus on this hemisphere. We have all been vaguely conscious that these peoples built vast and impressive monuments, had to their credit great achievements in astronomy and agriculture, had developed remarkable statuary, pottery, textiles, paintings, jewelry and metal work. We are all vaguely conscious that many of them were infinitely advanced along the road to civilization as compared to the aborigines of the thirteen original English-speaking colonies, as compared to the "varmint" Redskins whom our ancestors considered best when they were dead.

Those of us who have been interested in the subject have also been aware of the great amount of archeological research which has been done in recent years upon the sites of these pre-Columbian peoples. We have seen monograph after monograph published, and we have known that exhibitions of their artifacts traveled about the country. We have perhaps even been aware that some of the characteristic motifs of their art have lately been used upon modern textiles and in modern design. But it was almost impossible for any ordinary person to come to general conclusions as to the level of their achievement, judged by broader standards.

Mr. Pál Kelemen seeks in his two volumes to remedy this situation. He approaches the whole body of Indian remains from an esthetic point of view rather than from the point of view of strict archeology, which was the necessary groundwork for his own attempt and which will continue to be the necessary groundwork for future appraisals. Physically there is almost nothing to criticize in his work. It is produced with the utmost care and in conformity with all the standards which have been elaborated for projects of this kind. It has admirable indices, a fine bibliography, elaborate data on the provenience and present whereabouts of all the objects illustrated. The two volumes are uniform in size, the first being printed on regular book paper and constituting the text—a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the material he has selected as most illuminating and most typical. In addition to its strictly catalogue matter, this first volume likewise contains a chronological chart, the bibliography, and a certain number of general discussions concerning the origin of these people, their history, and the history of their first contact with the Spanish who eventually completely overwhelmed their cultures. One's only regret about this first volume is that the author did not see fit to try to give us a clearer picture of social and religious life, using the few sources we have available on the subject. He does occasionally comment upon such aspects of their lives when he describes specific objects, but naturally no one other than a book reviewer is going to read these descriptions through consecutively, and hence a picture does not clearly emerge. It would have been invaluable had Mr. Kelemen supplied us with an additional chapter making more precise our ideas and knowledge on this subject. He does, if briefly, dispose of all the lovely conjectures which have sought to find other than indigenous influences on their art and cultivation. He prefers what has always seemed to me the more commonsense explanation—namely that two separate sets of human beings can very easily arrive at the same techniques for manipulating nature and for creating art when their geographical and ethnical situations are similar. Because two widely separated peoples both happen upon the decorative device of the swastika, for instance, there is no reason to believe that one people directly or indirectly influenced the other.

Mr. Kelemen's thesis (and of course it is not his alone, but the thesis held by perhaps the majority of contemporary authorities on the American Indian) is that they represent a gradual and continuous migration from Asia via Alaska which took place before the high civilizations of Asia had

*Medieval American Art. Pál Kelemen. Macmillan. $22.50.

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advanced to anything of which we still possess remnants. It means that the complex of Far Eastern cultures which have left monuments behind them had much the same racial stock as the complex of Indian cultures, but it means no more than this. Perhaps the people on the eastern shore of the Pacific retained in their religious beliefs some slight traces of feeling or sentiment cognate to that retained by their far-distant cousins on the western shore of that ocean, and characteristic of both people but not of other sections of the human race. This is just barely possible, and might help to account for the fact that there seems to be some slight similarity between their way of approaching decoration and the Far Eastern way, though, when you come down to it, you cannot put your finger on any scientifically demonstrable similarity. It is a similarity of feeling—one might almost say a similarity apprehended instinctively by a spectator familiar with both kinds of art—rather than a similarity which can be carefully plotted and traced, like that between the late Hellenistic monuments of the Near East and the later history of European Christian expression. Mr. Kelemen does not even dare suggest this; I find it implicit in the objects themselves and fitting in well with his simply and rigorously expressed account of how the Indians got into North America and South America.

The second volume of "Medieval American Art" is the real heart of the book. It consists of 306 plates, many of them made from fresh photographs, and each plate containing from one to six subjects. The quality of these plates is truely magnificent, and uniformly as fine as any such collection I have ever seen. The original photographs must all have been of top quality; the engraver has lavished skill and care on making his plates; the printer and paper-maker have obviously worked in complete harmony; and Mr. Kelemen himself is responsible for a truly admirable job of layout. It would be impossible to overpraise the physical quality of this achievement in bookmaking. At the end of the second volume comes a catalogue of the illustrations, and a register of museums and collections. The front end-paper gives a map of the area covered by these cultures, starting in what are now our Southwestern states and running in a long diagonal, from west to east, to a southern terminus near Lake Titicaca.

It would be confusing in an article of this length to try to differentiate between the variety of tribes and peoples who together make up this complex. We all know that they fall roughly into five regions—those of our own Southwest, those of Mexico excluding the Maya, the Maya, the Isthmian Lands, and the Andean. In each of these there are subdivisions, and each subdivision has its characteristic style, so that the range of plastic language to which these people gave expression is probably fully as broad as is the range in any other comparable geographical area. It is even rather hard not to be struck by the fact that there seems to be less resemblance between the terms of expression used in our Southwest and those used by the Mayas, for instance, than there is between certain Chinese objects and certain ceramic remains of the Mayas. I can do no more in the few paragraphs left at my disposal than to try to convey to the reader why he should study these two volumes of Mr. Kelemen's and why he will find himself rewarded if he does so.

As was pointed out at the beginning, the amazing thing about the monuments of these peoples is that they were produced with so slight a technical equipment. We can only conclude that they are works of infinite and heroic patience, and that they sprang up in a society where human work was the cheapest thing at hand. Certainly if men of modern temper had to revert to any such totally untooled situation, they would not waste their time over activities of this sort, or at least not until after a psychological readjustment of centuries. So far as we know the simple device of the wheel was unknown to them. This means that huge monoliths weighing many, many tons had to be moved around and set up by sheer manpower, for they had no beasts of burden either. They had no metal tools suitable for cutting stone, since the only metals they knew were relatively soft. Yet they did not hesitate to make the most intricate and delicate carvings in such intractable materials as jade and rock crystal. Presumably these had to be roughed out by accurate splitting and by cutting with the help of strings and abrasive powders. Assume for an instant that you were confronted with a piece of rock crystal seven inches thick, as much string as you wanted, some carborundum dust (which is a highly improved modern abrasive, far better than anything they had) and a store of water or oil. Your job is to cut through the rock crystal with that string and dust. Try it sometime.

They had no potter's wheels, yet they made bowls and plates and jars of almost perfect roundness—certainly as perfect as other people were able to do with wheels. Their looms were of the simplest, and yet they wove fabrics as fine and complex as we have today. In metal work they were a little better off, since wood can be used to shape the softer silver, gold and copper alloys, or pure metals, and since the lost wax process of casting was well known among them. In agriculture they had nothing but fire and the planting stick, and yet they developed vegetables on a scale which might have made Luther Burbank envious.

So it is true that the wonderful thing about the productions of these people is the incredible human labor which was expended in making them.

But they went much further. They succeeded in producing a monumental architecture which, like much of their remains, is foreign to us, but which we are forced to admire for its subtlety and decorative magnificence. Their architecture was not for people to live in. It was the supreme expression of their religious life, and probably the only people whom it sheltered were priests and rulers. The populace lived, presumably, in wattle huts at best. (The climate in some parts makes this generalization a trifle too broad.) How can one single out any one of these buildings for description? Without the help of photographs it would be fruitless. You simply have to turn to the book to get some notion of the massive monumentality and encrusted richness of these structures, or of the incredible virtuosity in the stone fitting of the Andean builders.

The smaller objects which most readily win our sym-

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pathy are largely representations of animals, for here we find a language with which we are ourselves familiar. Yet even in the more intricate and more strictly symbolic manifestations of art we can recognize a wonderful sense of ornament and rhythm and differentiation in composition. Sometimes it repels us—and properly so—but if we grit our teeth to it, we can see it. The famous bust of the Maize God from Copan, Honduras, is held to be perhaps the artistic *chef-d'oeuvre* of all that remains to us. It is a triumph of expressiveness in a language we do not know, yet half understand, as through a glass very darkly.

To a Christian and a Westerner it must be confessed that there is something emotionally repellent in this art, exception made for some of its minor productions like the mosquito or grasshopper or rabbit bowls from New Mexico or the human figurines or the animal carvings and ceramics already alluded to. Even here we feel that there is something totally inhuman. There is too much nature in this art. It is a magnificent art, but it is an art so far removed from our ideas of the sacredness of the person and of liberty and of the worth of human effort that it stops us short. Perhaps a clue to what repels us lies in the plate which shows two large Aztec terra-cottas, one of which represents a priest dressed in the flayed skin of a human sacrificial victim. The limp features plastered over the priest's own face, the sagging hide of another man spread over his own body, are somehow so removed from our own cruelties that we are appalled. We are fully as cruel, but we are cruel to accomplish an end in this world and not to placate a god who is the mere personification of the utterly impersonal forces of nature. The Spanish conquistadores were cruel in a language we can understand, and for that they deserve our blame, but they too must have been appalled at what they saw, and some small mite of their cruelty may have been in natural reaction against a horror which even we cannot name, and which Mr. Kelemen deserves in turn to be blamed for passing over in virtual silence.

Editors' Choice

THE RIGHTS OF MAN AND NATURAL LAW. *Jacques Maritain. Scribners.* $1.50.

FIGHTIN' OIL. *Harold L. Ickes. Knopf.* $1.75.

AT HEAVEN'S GATE. *Robert Penn Warren. Harcourt.* $2.50.

Introduction to Politics

IT IS an alarming fact that in an age—this age—when there is probably more sheer political ferment than ever before, when every Tom, Dick and Adolf is tossing political theories around like so many hot potatoes, we should nevertheless have so much general ignorance and confusion as to the real nature of political truth. Take the last ten people you have heard talking about democracy. Did you have any confidence that they knew what they meant by it? If they did mean something by it, did any of them agree with any of the others?

And yet, fortunately, we know that in the subconscious of nearly all of them and nearly all of us, half known and half felt, there is a core of common understanding about democracy and about many other political ideas that we, and they, could never define with any decent kind of clarity. In "The Rights of Man and Natural Law" Jacques Maritain both defines that core and supplies that clarity, and the result—a little book of 118 pages—should be part of the required equipment of every Allied soldier, statesman, editor and radio commentator—especially the commentator.

The core of our common knowledge of and faith in that vague thing called democracy is, of course, the natural law. This law, according to Professor Maritain, is a radiation or reflection, however dimly perceived, of the eternal law of God in each one of us, by virtue of our inescapable human nature—*"an order or a disposition which human reason can discover and according to which the human will must act in order to attune itself to the necessary ends of the human being."* Since these ends are all contained in the universal vocation—to strive more and more toward the love and unity of God—it follows that only to those who recognize that vocation can the natural law have complete meaning and reality. And it is mostly through the revelation of Christian teaching that we have learned, even those of us who do not accept it, to decipher the shadows on the wall of the cave, the unwritten hieroglyphics in the heart of man. "Only when the Gospel has penetrated to the very depth of human substance will natural law appear in its flower and perfection."

Professor Maritain distinguishes three categories of human rights, as follows: (1) *Rights of the human person as such:* to life, to personal liberty under God and the law, to the pursuit of perfection, to the free exercise of conscience and religious activity, to free marriage, to family autonomy, to private property, and to be treated as a person, not as a thing. (2) *Rights of the civic person:* to political participation and equal suffrage, to political self-determination, to form political parties, to investigate and discuss freely, to equal rights before the law, and to equal opportunity. (3) *Rights of the social person, and more particularly of the working person:* to choose one's work, to organize in unions or associations, to be treated as an adult, to retain group autonomy, to receive a just wage, to have a job, to share in management and ownership (if possible), to receive social security, and to share in the elementary goods, both material and spiritual, of civilization.

It is the synthesis and expression of these rights in political form—an expression that is at once humanist, pluralist and dynamic—that Maritain means when he speaks of "democracy." And here we are lapsing ourselves into vagueness. We can only suggest that you consult the book. We are sure that you will be not only edified, but also inspired—inspired by a vision that is peculiarly optimistic and hopeful. For Maritain does not despair of the chances for a just international order or a just and harmonious Christian state—not "a clerical, decoratively Christian state" in which the Church trades her freedom and her soul for special privileges, but a state in which the Church is not only free to work as a leaven in the body politic, but successful in that work by the very force of her zeal and her apostolic charity.

And so Professor Maritain has written another important book, and to us it is no wonder that he is one of the few Catholic thinkers who is recognized almost universally outside the Church as one who has made and continues to make major contributions to the world of basic ideas and to the society of men of good will. For here is no narrow, red-faced, chip-on-the-shoulder kind of Catholicism. Here

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indeed is a Catholicism that really has a chance of converting the men of our time, not by banging them over the head with arguments, but by the sheer nobility, light and warmth of its spirit, which is the same spirit that compelled so many of the ancient Romans—themselves a cynical and sophisticated people—first to admire and then to imitate.

Tank Cars and the Intellect

AT THE AGE of twelve André Gide insisted upon being given a treatise on chemistry which he studied with the greatest delight, and at twelve or at forty or at eighty there are subjects which an intelligent mind can grasp. There are minds which can learn how to play chess, read Arabic or music. No matter how great the technical difficulties involved, these subjects remain put, so to speak; they stay still.

But there is the subject of Mr. Ickes's little book, "Fightin' Oil," and we do not know what kind of a mind can grasp it. Not ours. It is not for us. Mr. Ickes writes in simple sentences, alertly, using a popular language, using technical terms only after they have been clearly explained. There is no mystery anywhere. Oil comes out of the earth and must be made available to the mechanized forces of the United Nations wherever they are fighting. The forces of the United Nations cannot be effective without oil. Battleships, submarines, planes, tanks, transport. Nothing in modern war works without oil. Nothing could be simpler than the overall thesis of this book. A child could read it. Thousands of adults will read it. Everyone who reads it will understand what it is all about. They will understand what it is all about in the sense that an audience in a moving picture theater looks at a travel picture and understands thoroughly that someone with a camera has traveled all over the world and here are snakes pickled in a jar and here is a tank coming over a hill, here are the ruins of Paestum, here is a commuters' train entering the tunnel which goes under the Hudson, here is Chartres Cathedral. The audience will understand readily that the camera man has been taking a trip, and there may even be a reason for the trip (certainly there is the most urgent of reasons for the trip Mr. Ickes has taken) and the voice of the commentator coming into the dark theater may make the presence of the snakes and the Cathedral entirely reasonable. The sequence may be entirely reasonable. But all that remains in the mind of the audience as they come out into the street is a series of images. All that remains in the mind of the reader of "Fightin' Oil" is a series of images: the "big inch" rolling over the hills of America and under America's rivers, tankers crossing the sea, trucks on the roads of America, Africa—on the Russian roads, thousands and thousands of railroad tank cars, empty and full, loading and unloading—the trains crossing the country at night, oil wells, barges on the canals, on the rivers, refining plants, engineers, officials.

The reader is left with a sense of profound and helpless wonder. Here is the oil industry, the war, and Mr. Ickes in Washington with his title Petroleum Administrator for War. Here is the oil in America and the oil reaching the points all over the world where it is needed. Mr. Ickes seems to understand how this is accomplished. He explains how it is accomplished. But the reader can only wonder at the accomplishment. When the reader reads about Napoleon, he says I would have done this or that. When the reader reads about oil and the war, he can only wonder at the fact that oil reaches the war: he will not be tempted

"A heady drink from old honey"

The name of Colmcille, like those of Patrick and Charlemagne, King Arthur and Robert Bruce, has been a beehive to which the pollen of legend and history has been brought in unending eagerness. Robert Farren has taken the honey and made mead.

Like mead, *his long poem is a heady drink,* one to be quaffed through a long meal or, better, through a series of banquets: it has the true flavor of the Gaelic age. For the story is almost a series of bardic tales, each of the twenty episodes complete in itself, the whole forming a pattern as intricate and as exciting as the letters of Lindisfarne. . . .

The wholeness of a man is here, desiring God, exulting in ordination, building with his hands and his tongue, loving stone and earth, the sea and strong horses, the poor of substance and the poor of soul. He is a recognizable figure, too, fashioning the gospel for his people, putting a spell on a knife, victim of an uncontrollable temper which leads to battle and to exile, poet and defender of poets.

The rhythmic tone is varied throughout, as though each bard sang with a different voice . . . It is fanciful when he talks with the fairy prince MacFiachna, another Ariel who "tempted a king ten miles with a stag's branched horns" and "plaited webs from bough to bough among spiders"; it is delightfully humorous in "The whims of the wives of the bards"; it is hymnal in the dialogue, "The Angels question the monks of Derry," who . . . yearn for God "as spawning salmon for the sea"; it is gloriously apologetic in its magnificat of the poets who preserve "words that have crept down time on the rungs of country cailleachs' tongues," that have made clans great and kings afraid, that have rhymed souls out of hell. . . .

The humor and the fantasy, the strong emotions and the tender, the desire and the achievement, are all native. So is the language: sometimes biblical; sometimes clearly Gaelic—as in the observation of the baker from Iona, "earth from God; grain from earth; flour from grain; bread from flour; Christ from bread."

Most striking is the use of alliteration and assonance, where the sound is truly married to the sense; his words are bright bubbles in the wine-cup of his song. A few examples must illustrate the tonal timber of the epic: Colmcille reflecting on his ordination, "Out of this unction flashes the flesh of Jesus"; ire against unjust ranns, "the sour spittle of slander"; the light laughter of the "humbled and meek, as young pups from a drubbing"; the vivid nature flash of "thunder, the drunken drummer."

—From the review by James E. Tobin in SPIRIT of Robert Farren's THIS MAN WAS IRELAND: The Story of Colmcille. Price $3.00.

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to offer advice. He will see how it is done, but he will not suppose that he could have done it. He will say that Mr. Ickes knows how it is done, but he will not see in Mr. Ickes a mind that has brought order out of chaos. He will see Mr. Ickes as a man merged in the process of accomplishment. He will be faced by the accomplishment and will not be able to define precisely who are the men who have accomplished the accomplishment. He will say that the men in Washington have something to do with it and the oil men, the bad, bad oil men, the workers, the railroad men, the engineers, the ditch diggers, the sailors, the truck drivers, the scientists, the money makers. He will say that Americans have done it, but he will not be able to say how they have done it. He will say that no one man or bureau or interest could have ordered it done. He will say that it is something like an ant hill: you can see that it works but you cannot tell why it works. The reader who reads this book, which is centered on the war, will be apt to forget about the war and think about American industrial civilization, wondering how it works.

Mighty like Despair

ROBERT PENN WARREN knows how to write. He has a few artifices of style which become tedious, especially an excessive peppering of his language with connectives, and occasionally he gets very close to the edge of being arty, but when he really does make something come off, it comes off terribly well. Hence such a novel as "At Heaven's Gate" seems to us all the more tragic, not merely because its plot is formally tragic, but because it is tragic in a corrupt and brutal way. It is tragic for the author and for the reader. Once you have read the book, you will not recommend it to anyone, and it is not here recommended. It is frankly used as a springboard for a few reflections.

Irving Babbitt used to ring the changes on what he held to be an axiom of literary criticism and of morals: the astronomer who keeps his gaze fixed upon the stars is sure in time to fall into the well, the poet absorbed in his idolizing of the blue flower will stumble into the dung heap; naturalism of the tough variety is merely sentimentalism turned inside out. Of this axiom one suspects that Mr. Warren—and several of his fellow Southern writers—is a prime example.

We all remember the hollow gentility, the emotionalism, the romanticism which has characterized Southern sentiment. It has produced novels fairly reeking with idealism, it has produced that whole phony chivalry which political orators loved (and still love) to parade, it produced strange nostalgias and dream worlds. Nor is it a Southern monopoly; the same phenomenon has walked the streets and lanes of all the world. But in the South it became characteristic, a sort of protective coating to compensate for defeat and for frustration. Indeed it became a sort of easy substitute for religion among the well-to-do whites. Now given an intellectual climate of this sort—romantic to the core and unrestrained in its violence—what will happen when people awaken to man's occasional vileness? Instead of taking it in their stride, they revolt against humanity and take pleasure in elaborating with equal violence the worst evil in man's nature.

This seems to be what has happened to many of the present generation of young Southern writers. Mr. Warren, in this novel, is a peculiarly striking instance. For here it is dealing principally with the most "advantaged" classes in society—the comfortably off, the socially privileged, the educated. His story is laid, one might guess, in Tennessee, or better, in an imaginary state having about that latitude and topography. It contains mountains and mountaineers and it contains rich industrial centers and a university. Two separate narratives interweave—the story of a simple and hard-bitten hillbilly who is smitten by a genuine conversion to crude evangelical Christianity and the story of a group of city people, united by their connection with the daughter of the financial boss of the metropolis, Sue Murdoch. The second is the larger canvas. The first story—a sort of pointless Odyssey—is told by the hillbilly himself. It is not without dignity and feeling; in it one detects the only faint hint that Mr. Warren believes a man capable of acting a little better than an animal. The second story is unrelieved violence, brutality, arrogance, dissipation and cynicism.

The heroine is supposed to win our sympathy because she is trying to break away from the tyranny of her father; she scarcely succeeds, for she herself is a selfish tyrant. She makes her fiancé eat dirt; she throws him over because he won't change his whole life to suit her. She becomes the mistress successively of a pervert poet (who eventually strangles her to death, and lets the Murdoch Negro chauffeur "take the rap") and of a labor organizer who has "cleansed" himself of selfishness by years of deliberate steeping in slime in order to rid himself of all family tradition. The "hero" ("jeune premier" would be a better tag) hates his father because his father is clumsy, and has no principle except that he likes to be popular with his banking associates.

But why go on? This sort of fanciful garbage pile, crawling with every known breed of bug or maggot, is by now well known. It gives rise, however, to a question. Is not this the very picture on which is based the inner fascist or nazi conception of man and society—so degenerate it must have a fuehrer? Is not the Hitler idea a direct outgrowth, psychologically, of romantic *gemütlichkeit?* People who have cherry blossom festivals readily turn into homicidal maniacs. Perhaps there is a larger moral to this literary phenomenon. Let us hope America works it out in novels, not in political action.

More Books of the Week

The Silent War. Jon B. Jansen and Stefan Weyl. Foreword by Reinhold Niebuhr. Lippincott. $2.75.

IS THERE indeed "another Germany"? This question is very controversial, as the nazis go far to prevent their enemies from joining together in any organization. But they cannot prevent a steadily growing number of individuals from turning anti-nazi in their hearts. This does not mean very much now, before Germany's interior struggle is able to break into the open. Individual resistance against a totalitarian régime can be used as an effective weapon only within the framework of an organized opposition.

Certainly there exists the *Front der anständigen Leute* (Front of Decent People) who abhor the nazi terrorism. They lament the collapse of old German decency and hope it can be restored again. More emotional still is the hatred of people mistreated in concentration camps and nazi prisons and of the relatives of people tortured to death or sent to fight a war they did not regard as a national necessity but a crime of Hitler's lust for power. They all dream of the day that will allow them to give way to their bitter-

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ness and to follow their desire for vengeance. This vindictive mood of individuals throughout the country and among all social classes may reinforce and intensify the overthrow of the nazis, but cannot create it. The power of the nazis can only be broken either by Allied invasion or by organized groups inside the country or by both at the same time.

There is but one organization left in Germany openly fighting the nazis: the Catholic Church—struggling for the defense of human and religious rights, not for another political system. Her moral support may be a precious help to any future anti-nazi government, but the Church cannot set such a government up. An interior war against the present régime can be started only by organized groups which aim to gain the might and authority now held by the nazis.

Such underground groups fighting the nazis may be either conservatives or Marxists. At this moment, according to all information this reviewer has been able to collect, the conservative opposition is the stronger menace to Hitler.

Since Hitler by his disastrous strategy of "intuition" wasted German men and matériel in the steppes of Russia and purged the old generals who opposed his amateurish interference with their war plans, the conservatives feel that the nazis "betrayed" the German tradition and abused conservative ideals. They are mostly Monarchists:

> *Besser ein Kaiser von Gottes Gnaden*
> *Als der Mörder von Berchtesgaden.*
> (Better an emperor by God's grace
> Then the murderer of Berchtesgaden.)

They believe that only the authority of a monarch will be able to overcome German chaos after the destruction of the totalitarian régime.

This monarchist opposition is completely ignored in the Jansen-Weyl book. The two authors had contacts only with Marxist movements. There are two different groups, sometimes cooperating but also often enough struggling against each other. The communists, who had a bad time in the days of the Hitler-Stalin appeasement, will be certainly very efficient now that Red Army victories puff up their prestige. The authors themselves seem to be members of the trade union underground movement, which was formerly under the leadership of the old Social Democratic Party, but later came under the influence of a younger group, "New Beginning," bitterly opposed by the old party pundits.

You have to know the situation to understand that this book gives only one angle of the silent war against Hitler, not the totality of anti-Hitler movements. It is also apparent that the authors have already been safe on this side of the Atlantic for a long time, where the New Beginning movement nearly monopolizes the propaganda short-wave broadcasts to Germany. Jansen's and Weyl's best information and illustrative materials are from the first years of nazi domination.

Nevertheless—with these limitations in mind—this book is useful reading. Skip the chapters with trivial generalizations and read *in extenso* the experiences of the authors and their friends. You will get a realistic understanding of what life in a totalitarian state means to its active adversaries. Their descriptions of the hunted life of underground workers will bring to you realistic pictures of human weakness and grandeur rather different from the "poetical" Hollywood version. Furthermore you get a lot of information about underground techniques, from invisible ink to microphotography.

The whole shocking story of bigotry in America

by the author of HISTORY OF THE GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES

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by Gustavus Myers

IT took seventeen years to complete this monumental work . . . an arsenal of facts for those who believe in democracy and want to join in the battle against intolerance and persecution.

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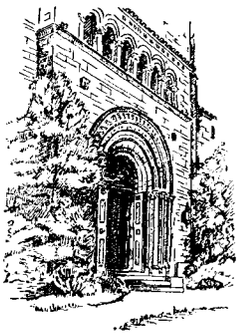

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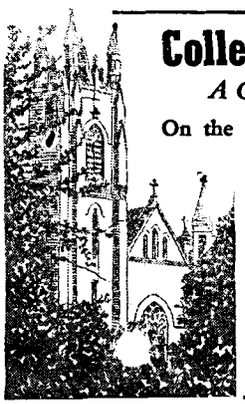

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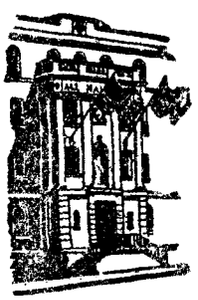

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The authors—one a young metal worker, the other a university student—are typical of the mentality of those parts of the leftist youth movements which did not renounce their ideals after the triumphant conquest of all power in the Reich by the nazis. But add to all the information you get from their reports this simple truth: only victory on the battlefields of Europe will decide what kind of opposition may be successful inside Germany, and this will largely be determined by who occupies the Reich: the Soviet Union, or England and the US.

MAX FISCHER.

The Shock of Recognition. Edited by Edmund Wilson. Doubleday. $5.00.

THIS is an ably edited, truly distinguished, richly rewarding anthology of literary documents, essays and poems which "attempt to present a chronicle of the progress of literature in the United States as one finds it recorded by those who had some part in creating that literature."

Moreover, we have here a beautiful piece of bookmaking, graceful and unbulky despite its nearly 1,300 pages. The line drawings of Robert F. Hallock add materially to the attractiveness and charm of the book. Save for the practically non-existent margins, one would never suspect that this volume had been manufactured under wartime restrictions.

The title derives from Melville: "For genius, all over the world, stands hand in hand, and one shock of recognition runs the whole circle round." A most fetching title, though it actually fits only about half of the inclusions. But even if Mr. Wilson does seem to have a chronic yen for telling titles that don't always exactly tell, all is forgiven when we read: "As a hater of extracts and omissions, I have printed the whole of everything."

Among those "wholes of everything" to be found in this compilation are Henry James's "Hawthorne," originally published in the English Men of Letters series: D. H. Lawrence's largely visceral but entertaining and nothing if not provocative "Studies in Classic American Literature"; and Henry Adams's little-known life of the little-known American poet, George Cabot Lodge.

Mr. Wilson also gives us Bayard Taylor's "Echo Club" dialogues, "which in their day fell completely flat," and which in ours will no doubt fall even flatter. One may question, too, the desirability of including a number of other items to be found here, such as Amy Lowell's "Critical Fable," which is definitely not re-readable, Dos Passos's review of Cummings and Sherwood Anderson's letters to Van Wyck Brooks.

But the duds (some of them admittedly good, but hardly good enough for the company they're in) are few and far between. Most of the selections are things to be thankful for: John Jay Chapman's deservedly famous but none-too-well-known essay on Emerson; Melville's generous salute to Hawthorne; Lowell's "Fable for Critics" and his essays on Thoreau and Poe; Santayana's kindly but devastating analyses of William James and Royce; the Emerson (and others)—Whitman relations; Mencken on Dreiser, Huneker, Lardner and the enchanting prose of Warren G. Harding; T. S. Eliot's unreprinted *Little Review* papers on Henry James; Henry James on Howells; Howells on Mark Twain; Twain on Cooper; and close to a dozen of Poe's critical splenettes.

Until twenty years ago or so, "Mon., Wed., Fri. at 10" collections of American literature were all cluttered

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up with belletristic junk. Today there is a marked and growing tendency to clutter them up with political, economic and sociological junk. We hope "The Shock of Recognition" will serve to remind future anthologists in the fields of American literature and criticism of the truth of T. S. Eliot's observation: "The 'greatness' of literature cannot be determined solely by literary standards; though we must remember that whether it is literature or not can be determined only by literary standards."

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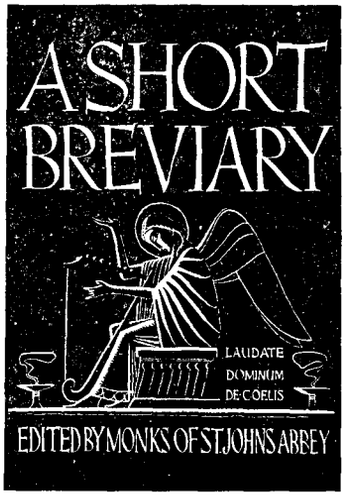

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